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## Memories.

THE robin's song, the budding trees,  
Recall to mind those days of old,  
When chatting in the springtime's breeze,  
We watched the sunset hills of gold.

Those days are gone, sweet mother fair,  
And mem'ries now alone remain.  
Of times we wandered free from care  
Through days of sunshine and of rain.

*Thomas C. Duffy.*

## Brussels in War Time.\*

BY FRANK W. HOLSLAG.

HERE is nothing in all the world that revolutionizes a country so quickly and so completely as throwing it into war. If a people naturally love and respect men of another nation the occurrence of war between them invariably changes that love and respect into immediate hate and contempt. If they have been honest and kind they become unfair and cruel. And if they have been high, noble and honorable, there is usually nothing too low, mean or disreputable for them to do, if they believe the doing of that thing will be to their advantage. There is, however, one exception to this in the great European war. It is Belgium, the martyr country, that has sacrificed life, love, wealth, position, and its very existence rather than be dishonored.

Let us enter this little country during the first days of August, 1914. We will go to its capital city for that is its well-spring, and there we will observe its scenes, conditions and temperament as they really exist.

In thinking of Brussels try to imagine a miniature Paris, for, in normal times, it is a child of the French capital. At this time, most of the unprepared army of the brave little

country is near its eastern frontier. It has been hurriedly mustered in its incomplete way in hopes that it may add some little weight to the country's entreaties. The prayer of the people is for peace, and their greatest desire is to avoid the terrible calamity that is about to befall them.

"Let us live on in our own quiet way," they say. "We are impartial, and our gratitude to you shall be our hearts' love." But news of the fighting comes, and then for bravery, fortitude and patience these humble people set a fitting example for the world.

As the terrible stories of death and destruction reach the capital no demonstrations of an antagonistic nature occur. There is grief and worry to be sure, but the people are too considerate to perpetrate a single unkind act against German inhabitants or establishments.

The royal family departs for safety; and the money of the banks is thrown into awaiting automobiles which speed off toward Antwerp. Great stores and buildings are hurriedly cleared of their contents and are then filled with cots, beds and hammocks to accommodate the wounded. Even the royal palace is turned into a hospital, for word has come that Liege is in the throes of a dreadful slaughter. In the windows of all hospitals placards proclaim that these buildings are reserved for the victims of war, and upon their roofs tremendous red crosses are being painted to protect them from hostile aerial craft.

A few Belgian wounded arrive, but they number only fifteen or twenty out of the thousands that are being butchered. The formation of the German lines and the inadequate equipment of the Belgian ambulance service make a continuance of this work impossible.

From the beginning of the assaults upon

\*The second of a series of three articles depicting the life, scenes and sentiment of Paris, Brussels and London during the critical stages of the present conflict.

Liege every hour of the day and night has been filled with thoughts of the catastrophe, and all hopes of avoiding the dreadful ordeal are shattered. Then news comes of the fall of that city and with it information that the advancing German army is at the very gates of Brussels. Hundreds of alarming rumors circulate through the population, for the city is in the direct path of the enemy, and it is impossible to substantiate or disprove their authenticity.

The days crowd one another rapidly and every moment brings a more distressing report than the one previous, but there is no demoralization. The inhabitants calmly accept what is in store for them without murmur or complaint. Night draws on and the tired populace is awakened from its uneasy sleep by criers who rush through the town at midnight informing the people that the city's water supply is poisoned and that they should abstain from using it. Many people had drunk but a moment before, yet there is no semblance of a panic, no rush to physicians, no consternation or fanatical scenes. Their composure is admirable indeed. This report later proves untrue, but the incident serves to show the quality of these people. It is hard for people to remain calm under these trying conditions, yet hundreds of similar cases might be mentioned.

At midnight on August 19th the last few thousand Belgian soldiers retreated into the city to board waiting trains arranged for their escape. The Germans' rushing advance compels the utmost speed, for that army is just a few miles away. On this occasion the unarmed portion of the population assists the troops and sends them off with words of encouragement and ringing cheers, although they know that the enraged enemy is within hearing distance. A few moments later that army begins to arrive and the next morning their machine-guns and cannon command the public squares, and all prominent places of the city. Complete possession of the most important buildings and organizations is immediately taken, and all communication, from foot-travel to wireless, is cut off from the outside world.

Cavalry horses are stabled in the "Gare du Nord," the finest railroad station in Brussels. Certain territory in all parts of the city is restricted to traffic under penalty of death and the new government is to be known as the "Deutsches Gouvernement. Brussel."

The streets resound with the rush, rumble and

roar of the German army, and Brussels turns out to witness the greatest military organization that the world has ever known. People crowd the roofs, streets and byways and men and boys climb into the trees and up lamp-posts and telegraph poles to witness the wonderful machine of war. Then, for five solid days and nights this army passes through the city from east to west in a continuous march with scarcely a break of twenty yards in the line during the entire time. It consists of artillery, infantry, cavalry, ammunition, pontoons, field kitchens, supply trains, ambulances, unmounted aeroplanes, telegraphic services and every conceivable necessity of an army from a portable photograph gallery to a blacksmith shop.

There is a man and a place for everything, and a thing and a place for every man. Each piece of artillery is drawn by horses from two to five in number, strung out in tandem fashion with one rider for every odd team. The ammunition and transports are drawn by a similar hitch, and every horse is a splendid animal and in perfect condition.

The infantry march four abreast in companies commanded by mounted officers and the men pass in such perfect formation that they resemble a machine more than individuals. They are almost perfectly matched and in their neat grey-green uniforms and their identical equipment they all look alike. The soldier's hair is clipped close, and hanging to each of their belts is a bayonet, a cup, an aluminum canteen and cartridge pouches, while over their shoulders hang knapsacks made of bamboo frames covered with various colored cowhides with the hair side out.

An officer rides to the side of the line to review it as it passes, and all the soldiers, at the command of their respective officers, do the peculiar goose-step in recognition of his presence. They raise their stiffened legs unusually high in this forced deliberate step and their heavy hob-nailed boots resound as they strike the ground with straightened feet and extended toes. Their shoulders are thrown back and with arms held stiffly at their sides, their heads gradually turn as they keep their gaze riveted steadily upon the countenance of the reviewing officer until they are well past him.

And so for days the army passes, taking all the horses, automobiles, foodstuffs and everything else that it desires and leaving with Brussels nothing but unsigned "I. O. Us"

written on little pieces of common blank paper.

After the main army has passed, vast numbers of troops still pour into the city and a tremendous military traffic continually moves in all directions. Brussels literally swarms with German soldiers and military life. Huge automobiles filled with officers and their armed escorts dash about in every direction, and military messengers on motorcycles and horses race madly through the streets. Commissary wagons drive to the stores, warehouses and magazines collecting their wants, for thousands of German soldiers are now quartered in the houses, public buildings and military barracks of Brussels.

German aeroplanes scout over the city almost continuously and far to the north we see captive observation-balloons, high in the air. In the quietness of the night we can feel the trembling of the earth from the thundering cannon from the direction of Malines, and we know that dreadful battles are being fought for the forts of Waellem, Wavre and St. Catherine.

The German wounded begin to arrive and the cots and supplies prepared for the Belgian soldiers are now being used by those of the enemy. The cannonading becomes inaudible and for days there is a terrible suspense, but the Germans continue to pass on through the city and by this we know that they are victorious. Huge Zeppelin sheds are built close to the edge of the city, and near these anchored guide-balloons float thousands of feet in the air to support run-up pennants or lights that will give those monsters secret and silent information as to how and where to light.

The populace is eager for the first sight of one of these mysterious craft. It comes at midday with a noise that attracts, although it is still at a great distance. Its huge cigar shape seems to have a street-car attached to its under side, and on this there are guns, and forms can be seen moving about. At its side and rear there are great spinning propellers and on its very top another gun for fighting upward can be seen. It ascends and descends perpendicularly or on an incline with its nose pointed upward or downward. It stands still or goes forward slowly or rapidly, appearing tremendous in size when near and still huge when at a great distance. The first appearance of the Zeppelins attract unusual attention, but they become commonplace and are soon unnoticed.

The huge military automobiles that dash about are now equipped with heavy steel blades projecting down and outward in front of the cars until within a few inches of the ground. These have sharp teeth cut in their upper edges and slant upward and backward over the center of the car until they reach the rear. While speeding, many officers have been killed by wires stretched across the dark roads and these blades are to prevent further similar accidents.

The street railway is again started and on this all people in Germany's service ride free, but others must pay full fare. The days go by, and money becomes very scarce. The German soldiers are the only people who have any, and this brings out the true sentiment of the owners of many business houses, for we see the names of their places now changed to "The Hindenberg," "The Von Moltke," and the like.

The military authorities demand a certain indemnity from the city of Brussels, and believing it to be unjust the burgomaster refuses to comply with their request. He is immediately arrested and taken away. Days, weeks and months roll on and we do not know whether he has been shot or imprisoned.

The only news we receive is printed on bills published by the Germans. These are printed in two languages, French and German, and are then pasted on the finest windows and buildings of the city. They always tell of German victories and Ally defeats. All orders are also given to the population through this medium and they are very brief.

Every day brings new obligations. A daily allowance of ten ounces of dry bread per adult is made and this is strictly in force. As time goes on, a great difference is noticed in the age and equipment of the German soldiers that arrive and pass through the city. They cease to be in the prime of life and their once beautiful grey-green uniforms are not so common. They now wear uniforms of red, blue, black and various other colors. A whole regiment has just passed through dressed in pure white dress-uniforms of a costly delicate material and thousands of the older troops are wearing common corduroy trousers, low shoes and ordinary overcoats of different styles and patterns, with just a trimming of military braid and buttons to give them the effect of regulation uniforms. Their equipment too is of various

designs. Some wear old leather caps of 1870 and arms that are crude and obsolete. I have just seen a member of the Landstrum carrying a sixteen gauge shotgun. It is safe to say that it would be impossible to find a single round of ammunition for this gun in the entire country, for it is a very uncommon sporting firearm. The preparedness of Germany has been wonderful indeed, but all these things tell us in their silent way of the strain that is being put upon that nation's resources.

As time goes on, the people lose heart, for the expected relief by England does not materialize and everyone grows morose and impatient. Then an order appears forcing all the male Belgian population between the ages of fifteen and fifty-two to sign a document under oath, by which they swear never to take arms against Germany or any of her allies. This is absolutely compulsory, and many Belgians are firmly convinced that they will be forced to fight with Germany against their own country if the occasion demands. Fearing this, and knowing that they will be immediately shot if captured as soldiers of an opposing army, many secretly depart from the city hoping to escape into Holland, from where they will be transported to enlist in the army of their own country.

The Germans of course are aware of the fact that such things intensify a feeling of hatred against them, yet they deem it logical. To offset this they display an equal amount of cleverness to win the favor and friendship of the population. At certain times each day German military bands give splendid free concerts at the fountain in the Boulevard Anspach. These are always well attended until the closing selection which is the German national anthem. The music of this happens to be the same as that of the national anthems of the United States and England. At its first note the entire audience invariably walks away, leaving the bands to finish the program without an audience or any acknowledgment of appreciation.

The people are warned to stay in their homes after dark. All lights are to be out at nine o'clock, food is not to be hoarded, and all German money, even that printed on common white paper must be recognized and accepted. All sealed mail is stopped and publications either written or printed are positively prohibited. The attempt to convey any news by

any means whatsoever is punished by imprisonment or death. With such conditions imposed, life in the capital becomes a nightmare, for the people fear to move about or even to speak to one another lest they might be suspected and punished for the violation of the threatening obligations.

The mental state of those having brothers, husbands and fathers fighting and perhaps dying within a few miles of the city can only be left to the imagination.

After a time, hundreds of rumors, some of the most appalling nature, begin to secretly circulate throughout the town. Strange tales of the fate of neighboring cities and villages are related, and stories of death, destruction, traitors and blasted hope find their way about. There is no possible way of satisfying the existing doubts and the weaker people soon become mental wrecks. To just a few people some of the basest rumors seem uncertain, yet ninety per cent of the people living under these conditions accept them as the truth.

The continuity of forcible and sincere arguments supporting these reports and the absolute impossibility of being able to falsify them create a mental state that is torturing, and Time and Faith are the only resources.

Sometimes the rumors are favorable and consoling, at other times they are astounding. It was said that the Pope had died, leaving thirty millions of dollars directly to the Kaiser with which to carry on the war. Imagine the effect of this upon faithful, Catholic Belgium.

This rumor still agonizes the mind, when we hear that the United States and Japan are engaged in a dreadful war. Then closely following this we are told wonderful tales of a dreadful new shell that the French are using. It contains a poisoned dust which kills every living thing within a radius of two miles from where it bursts, and many people accept this tiding with great joy, believing now that the war cannot possibly last longer than a few short months. Closely following this report, a rumor circulates that the Netherlands has joined with Germany and that England's fleet has destroyed every coast town of that little country.

Even stranger rumors than these root themselves in the mind of the isolated population, and mysterious past history is brought forth to play a part in a new story that gains ground and prestige. Forty thousand fully armed

French soldiers are secreted in an immense tunnel beneath the very heart of the city of Brussels and at the proper time and a given signal, they will appear as if by magic and perform a duty that will startle the world.

So one rumor replaces another, and strange as it may seem even the most intelligent people are impressed, and not knowing whether to disregard or accept them, they become victims of the agonizing conditions.

Hundreds of cowardly people travel about, wearing the Stars and Stripes, an emblem of a neutral country, through fear of being identified as subjects of involved nations, and after learning of the respect that this emblem receives many of them shamefully impose upon its power.

I entered a little restaurant in a back street and in this crowded place an unpleasant affair occurred through an incident of this kind. Upon taking a seat at one of the tables I was served by an humble peasant girl of about nineteen years of age. At the opposite side of the table a coal-black negro was sitting. In the lapel of his coat he was wearing a small American flag. His race is respected there to a rather noticeable degree through being uncommon. As the girl served him with bouillon a trifling amount accidentally spilled over the edge of the bowl. She apologized immediately and was about to cleanse the table when he upbraided her with a terrible oath. From his miserable English I knew at once that he was not an American, but an African counterfeit trying to disguise his nativity behind the adopted flag. His conduct peevd me, yet I refrained from interference on this occasion. A few moments later the girl served him with the next course and without the least provocation he again insulted her with a stream of the foulest profanity. The limit of patience had been reached and springing from my chair I demanded his nationality. "A-mare-ek-kan! A-mare-ek-kan!" he repeated. "You lie! you lie!" I retorted, and snatching the flag from his coat, I jammed it down into my own pocket. He grabbed a table knife and at the same instant we overturned the table and a desperate struggle took place. The affair ended with the negro being kicked into the middle of the narrow street and when I returned to the place, almost every occupant shook my hand in congratulation, and the proprietor refused to accept pay for my dinner. Many such occurrences

happen, yet they invariably take place between foreigners and not the native Belgian population.

Such is brave, humble little Belgium, the pauper and the savior of the Allies. Such is the country that made no pretensions, that fostered no hopes, yet gave its heart's blood in defense of justice. From her there were no wonderful displays of wealth and power, no appeals for mercy, no complaints. She only taught the world how to meet defeat, destruction and death, and if she *has* perished a greater glory than all others still awaits her. She died the death of a martyr.

In the future history of these great events her page, while perhaps the darkest, will also be the most noble, for straight across its gloomy face the following sentence shall glisten in words of fire, "Our only desire was peace."

### Psalms of Life.

#### THE BUNS OF NOTRE DAME.

I sing the buns of Notre Dame,  
I warb their beamish beauty,  
I chaunt their charms with hearts aflame.  
For chaunting is my duty.  
I strum for all her shining sons,  
Departed and a-borning,  
Those beamish beatific buns  
We got on Sunday morning!

The crust an aromatic brown  
As fragrant as the Indus,  
You should have seen us shuffle down  
As much as they would sind us.\*  
O, coruscant, collegiate grub,  
O, pabulum adorning  
The platter of the veriest dub  
On sunny Sunday morning!

O, Notre Dame, the years have fled  
Since your professors caught me  
And I remember but your bread,  
And not the stuff you taught me.  
Your isms, ologies, and ics  
Were nothing to be scorning,  
But what are ologies to Micks  
With buns on Sunday morning?

O, yes, the ancient slickers had  
A lot of fancy chefs,  
Ambrosia was a snappy fad  
Among Olympic zephyrs.  
But for their fodder and their fun—  
Believe a gypsy's warning—  
I would not trade the palest bun  
We got on Sunday morning.

J. P. McEvoy in *Chicago Tribune*

\*Hibernian rhyme

## An Hawaiian Cigarette.

BY JOHN M. RAAB.

On the crest of the Gerry street hill, Red Miller, star reporter of the *Chronicle*, sat alone in his room watching the beauties of a Californian night unfold themselves. It was his "night off." He was waiting for Eddie White, son of the chief of police, and his friend since childhood. The two were going to take in the Exposition, and take along their respective girls. Rarer than violets in Alaska is a dress suit in a reporter's wardrobe; so Red could not dress until Eddie came, bringing his brother's togs.

It was nearly seven, the lights in the harbor below were rapidly disappearing, vieing, in their ocean background with the stars above in their field of blue, until it was difficult to tell whether a new launch was making ready for the night or a new star had cast its reflection on the crystal blue below. The light revery was broken when the great Tower of Jewels at the Exposition Grounds burst into blaze,—a veritable pillar of fire to lead the pleasure-seeking people to the wonder of the ages. Red stood at the window for a few moments watching the play of lights and the reflections thereof when Eddie came in.

"Here's the suit, Red, show some speed now, we're late."

"What's doing outside, Eddie?—I've been sleeping all afternoon," asked Miller.

"Nothing, as usual," Eddie casually replied, lighting a cigarette,—then—"Oh by the way, this isn't the regular time for an Extra, is it?"

"No,—unless something breaks," replied the reporter.

"Seems to me I heard the boys yelling an Extra about something when I came in here—something about that Hawaiian Prince, I believe. Guess I'll get a paper while you are dressing."

"All right, but hurry," said Red, "I'll be ready in a moment."

Eddie left and Red continued his efforts to correctly don the full-dress suit,—wondering, meanwhile, what the Extra could be about. Eddie said he thought it referred to the Hawaiian Prince. Probably the Prince made a speech,—but, thought the newspaper man, it might be an attempted assassination. "The Hawaiian Prince," mused Red, "he's a likable chap to

be wearing the purple." Red had interviewed the Prince at his hotel the day before and well remembered the courtesy the royal visitor had shown him. The Prince had talked for an hour at the royal suite at the St. Francis, and the interview, withal, had been one of the reporter's most pleasant experiences during the course of the Exposition. As Red left, the Hawaiian gave him "a genuine Hawaiian cigarette," and the "smoke" still remained in Red's case to be enjoyed to-night,—his "night off."

His tie neatly arranged and everything fitting perfectly, Red awaited Eddie's return. He transferred the Hawaiian cigarette,—a tempting affair as large as an American cigar—wrapped in a filmy, creamy paper into his dress suit and turned toward the door. Eddie was coming upstairs three steps at a time. Before Red reached the door he burst into the room.

"What do you know about this, Red,—you know that Hawaiian Prince who entertained you so royally yesterday,—well, he's a fake! Skipped to-day with the loving cup they presented him, a bunch of the jewels he picked off the women at the dinner last night and a pocketful of coin besides!"

But Red had already seized the paper, and with professional alacrity scanned the headlines and learned the gist of the story.

"Well, what do you know about that, Eddie? You can stick around the old office six nights in the week and nothing more exciting happens than a kid getting lost from its mother in the Zone,—and on your one night off something like this "breaks."

The newspaper man did seem to take it seriously, but Eddie hurried him downstairs and into his car. The two drove rapidly to meet their girls. Arriving at Ruth's house the young women, as usual, were not ready, so Eddie and Red sat in the library waiting. Eddie opened a package of cigarettes and lit one. Red spurned his offer and took from his pocket his heretofore much-prized "original Hawaiian cigarette." "Well," he muttered, "I might as well smoke it now," and he lit it. The smoke was as good as it looked,—the flavor was new and the odor,—it reminded one of the cafes of Chinatown or of rare incense sometimes burned in the mammoth Joss fires at 'Tates.' It was a peculiar odor and both boys remarked about its soothing, dreamy qualities.



The girls were coming in so both boys arose and greeted them. The quartette then left, deciding, after a lengthy debate, that the evening's merriment would begin with luncheon at 'Tates.'

The cafe was a blaze of lights when the happy couples arrived. Toy balloons were batted in their faces as soon as they opened the doors. Hideous screeches came from every table where mammoth caged parrots were being teased by the care-free diners. Eddie passed his father's card to the head-waiter and the four were shown to a table near the very center of the festivities. Luncheon was ordered and the four began to take their parts in the mad scene about them. Ruth caught one of the red balloons and batted it toward Red. Ruth was not a Ty Cobb so the ball did not come very near the reporter. Seeking to catch it, however, he reached several feet over toward the adjoining table,—and then—something vague and indescribable happened. He sat upright in his chair, a curious expression on his face. His friends were absorbed in the comedienne in the center of the room. Red was thinking. The events of the day crossed his mind,—the disappearance of the Prince—the strange odor of the cigarette. A toy balloon bounded at his feet and as an excuse he reached for it—leaning far toward the next table. Certainty replaced doubt,—the man at that table was smoking the same kind of cigarette he had enjoyed a few moments before. He turned toward the comedienne,—then casually surveyed the face next to him. The beard and mustache were gone,—the hair was of different color,—but the eyes, the expression,—yes, this was the same man. The fake Hawaiian Prince sat at the next table!

What to do? that was the thought that perplexed Red. He could not tell Eddie, because the stranger was surely on his guard and would leave at the smallest sign of recognition. He must seek outside aid. Pleading a telephone call, Red arose and left the cafe. At the cigar stand next door he phoned Eddie's father to send some men and then called the *Chronicle* telling the city editor to hold the presses for an Extra. He turned toward Tates to wait at the door for the policeman's arrival. Scarcely had he reached the threshold than the "Prince" came out,—summoned a taxicab and was off. Red was nonplussed for a moment, but quickly decided upon pursuit. He hailed the next taxi and giving orders that the car in front be

followed to its destination, sank back among the cushions. It was a mad dash,—down Market street to the "King's Highway," then along the famous trail toward the Praesidio. Red could see the other car,—a hundred yards ahead. On and on the two cars went, keeping monotonously the same distance apart. Then something happened. A loud report showed that the car in front had blown a tire. Red gave orders to slow down. He saw the "Prince" alight and pace the road in frenzy. He looked toward the approaching car as it advanced at a leisurely pace. Undecided at first when the car reached his side he hailed it. The chauffeur stopped and the "Prince" spoke to Red.

"Is it pleasure that brings you here,—or business?" he queried.

"Just out driving,—enjoying the evening" answered the reporter lightly.

"Will you do me a great favor? I will repay you well. My car has broken down and the train leaves in ten minutes. I must—"

"Surely, jump in," broke in Red.

The "Prince" sat on the seat in front of Red and the chauffeur started the car.

"To the Union Station, quick," said the "Prince" who unbuttoned his great coat and leaned over the driver's shoulder excitedly watching the road in front.

Red thought rapidly. The coat of the "Prince" had struck his knee and Red remembered the blow was harder than an ordinary coat would cause. He looked down and saw the pocket of the coat against his knee. Peering over, a Colt Automatic caught his eye in the big pocket. Action was necessary,—seizing the gun he thrust the blue steel barrel against the back of the "Prince's" head and warned him to be quiet.

"Your game is up," spoke Red. "One move and I will shoot," then to the chauffeur: "To the police station quick."

### My Idol.

Her tumbled hair holds all the sunset's gold,  
The wild red rose awakens in her cheek,  
Her voice is like the music of a stream  
That purls along, too full of joy to speak.

And in her deep blue eyes I seem to see  
The smouldering fires of love's happy dawn,  
Would that its dull red glow would brightly flame,  
In my young heart, till sorrow's mist is gone.

G. Holden.

## The History of the American Canal.

BY EDWARD P. PEIL.

The Illinois and Michigan project in 1848, was one of the important western ventures. It connected Chicago, Illinois, with the city of LaSalle of the same state. Why the name should include Michigan is hard to say. Probably it was constructed with some idea of an extension into Michigan. However, this continuance of the waterway was never effected. It cost \$7,257,000, was 102 miles in length, required 15 locks and was accredited with a minimum depth of 6 feet.

The Schuylkill Navigation Company's Canal, constructed between Mill Creek and Philadelphia, was a very large privately capitalized undertaking. \$12,500,000 were expended, and a canal 108 miles in length, requiring 71 locks, and having an average depth of seven feet was the result. It enjoyed a heavy traffic for many years, even in the face of a very bitter railroad opposition. It was completed the same time as the Erie canal.

Numerous other canals of lesser note were completed prior to 1860. Among these might be mentioned the Augusta canal in Georgia, 1847, the Black River waterway in New York, 1849, the "Company's" in Mississippi in 1847, the Miami and Erie traversing 274 miles between Cincinnati and Toledo, completed in 1835, the Pennsylvania, another extensive undertaking costing \$7,731,750 completed in 1840, the Susquehanna and Tidewater opened in 1839, costing \$4,921,000, the well-known Welland canal, a Canadian project which connects the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence, admits all vessels under 275 feet and cost \$28,000,000, completed in 1833, and literally scores of other and smaller projects. They all enjoyed certain greater or lesser natural advantages. They similarly shared handicaps of typography, trade eccentricities, and bitter railroad competition. Some were brilliantly successful. Others never paid their cost of construction. Some enjoyed years of patronage only to be ultimately abandoned. A number, indeed, were never completed. Others are still in operation, and if the present revival of canal enthusiasm continues they will enjoy a new lease of life.

Our canals to date, the Panama excepted, have cost us in the neighborhood of \$300,000-

000. Approximately 4,785 miles of artificial waterways had been constructed prior to 1900. Of this amount about 2,000 miles have been definitely abandoned. Some of the remainder are retrograding. The country is again becoming interested in canals, and a number of the old canals are being reconstructed.

### CAUSES FOR DECLINE OF CANALS AFTER 1850.

The second period of American canal history, is one of decline and decadence. With the coming of the railroads, it seemed quite obvious that the knell of artificial waterways had been sounded. The people were readily receptive of this impression. They never considered, it seems, that there might be certain functions that a canal boat alone can best perform. They never stopped to think that, as Hepburn and Keasley have both pointed out, "a canal is a supplement not a competitor of the railroads." Everyone but the owners or the operatives of the canal, and such towns and industries that were connected with the canal traffic, were ready to yield the railroads first place without a struggle. And the railroads, but too eager to encourage this impression, aided its growth by every means in their power. Newspapers controlled by them devoted much space to casual proof that the "canal was no longer needed," that it had "outlived its usefulness," and that the "steel steed had taken its place," etc. The canal boat was even ridiculed and burlesqued; the whole system was made to appear out-of-date, rustic and forlorn. So much for the psychology of the situation.

Rather more important were practical agencies that assisted in ruining the canals. The railroads, almost from the first, seemed to possess the qualities of unfair aggression that have made them so popular with the courts and investigating committees since 1900. They immediately started out to throttle the canals. They lobbied energetically against improvements, extensions and toll reductions. Only a popular vote was effectual in New York, for instance, in the acquisition of free tolls. They argued, and indeed effected, a superiority, speed and mobility. It seems rather remarkable now, that the people of the thirties and forties should possess more extravagant hopes for the speed of steam than even the 20th century has seen realized. Yet even actual performance far exceeded the best canal performance. Speeds of from 12 to 20 miles were almost



immediately achieved in railroad freight traffic. And with the coming of through and fast freights, the disparity was made all the greater. Then, too, shipments from long distances, even if canal boats were used, generally required the use of railroads for some portion of the way, and the roads exacted vengeance in extra charges for such shipments. Branch lines and stubs are certainly constructed with far greater speed and economy than their counterparts in canal systems. And it was no small advantage to the railroads, that like Mahomet they "came to the mountain" of population centers.

Less legitimate than these measures, if padded trans-shipment charges be excluded, was the practice of acquiring control of competing canals, and making the freight charges exorbitant, or of allowing the locks and depth to suffer from intentional neglect. A canal, like a chain, is no better than its weakest link. This fact was probably the most effective one in working the ruin of canal systems. Many of the earlier canals were owned in sections, the owners of each portion charging independent tolls for their portion of the waterway. The railroads took advantage of this arrangement to buy up certain sections of competing canals, and let the locks decay and the channel fill up with silt, until almost choked and unfit for practical purposes. Thus with an ownership of ten or twenty miles they could impair a canal ten or fifteen times as long.

Nor were the canal owners themselves entirely blameless in the matter of their downfall. Neglect and inefficiency is written all over the annals of American Canal administration. The defects that the railroads brought about intentionally, state and privately owned canals suffered through carelessness. The channel was not kept clear and the locks were allowed to deteriorate. Spite battles between owners of different sections of the same canal, through toll controversies, water depths, etc., caused great damage to their own interests. The canal owners also clung obstinately to their original high ideas regarding amount of charges and persisted in this until they had literally invited railroad competition into their districts.

Finally capital became frightened and private canal operators alike became afraid to invest any more money in the repair and maintenance of canals. State taxpayers cried out against the wasting of money on these forlorn hopes. Private purse strings were

drawn tight against the pleas of canal operators. The period of greatest depression in the history of the American canals saw them unable to enlist any monetary support for decent maintenance. They were practically abandoned to their fate. Some portions of certain canals were kept running, but in districts where the nature of the ground necessitated the constant removal of surplus matter, the struggle was given up.

Finally, there were perfectly valid reasons for railroad superiority. The first one was, and is, that through a rocky and hilly country the canal is not a possibility. Over mountains and deserts, the railroad proceeds almost as readily as through flat, well-watered regions. The canals could not follow. Large areas were settled and exploited by railroad expansion, where the canal could not be thought of. Then, too, the canals came as near to great population centers as the fortunes of topographical location would permit. But the railroads came to the center of these places.

The question of speed vied with track mobility for first importance. The canal boat was slow and the spirit of the age cried for speed. A plodding horse or mule team doing their laborious four or five miles an hour could not compare with the locomotive carrying passengers fifty miles an hour, and freight from fifteen to thirty-five miles an hour. Moreover, freight consignments generally reached their destination with one handling when shipped by rail, while canal consignments required double shipments and consequently incurred more expense to the shipper.

Of equal importance, perhaps, is the consideration that the railroad operates with almost the same efficiency during the twelve months of the year. In the Northern states this could not be said of the canal. The cold winters of the middle western states and New England kept the canals out of commission for months at a time. The Erie was non-operating on an average of 151 days a year. During dry seasons it was a difficult matter to keep a navigable depth of water in some sections of many canals. The advantage gained by the railroads during the times when climatic conditions were affecting the canals adversely, could not be overcome in other portions of the year. The winter traffic secured patrons loathe to change when the canal season opened.

*Conclusion next week.*

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Board of Editors.

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EUGENE MCBRIDE, '16	D. EDMONDSON, '18
HOWARD PARKER, '17	ARTHUR HUNTER, '16
HARRY SCOTT, '18	

—On St. Patrick's Day two years ago almost every one of our large cities was thronged with multitudes of loyal Irish, the green banner of Erin was hoisted with St. Patrick's Day. the stars and stripes, and a grand procession moved by,—all as a protest of love for the suffering land beyond the sea. That day hope rose high. Home-Rule would soon come true. The words were on every lip, and a glory shone in every face at the thought that no longer would it be necessary to furl the green silk within the protecting folds of Old Glory, but that soon high on Irish ramparts that standard might dawn with a new day over the land where the Gael was free. But this St. Patrick's Day, Home-Rule is no nearer than before, and again the Irish, with the remembrance still burning in them of the dark days of '47, or of the hedge schools of Connemara, will turn back to her with a mystic and passionate chivalry. Far in the grey ocean Ireland lies,—her soil red-dened with the blood of seven centuries of outrage, bleeding in hands and feet and side, her tear-filled eyes ever fixed on the beauties of another world, while below her in the mist and darkness, her race of saints and poets have touched strings deeper than all earthly longing and desire, and afar her young sons with a strange light in their Irish eyes have gone down in battle, dying yet never conquered. This is Ireland's peculiar lot. She is in the world, yet not of it. She is scourged and crucified, but unlike a Greater than she, there are many friends to console her in her agony, there are her thousands who do not abhor the sword,

but who would gladly call upon legions of angels to vanquish her persecutors, and release her from the cross. Without doubt we are of those who desire her freedom. And yet are not we also too little otherworldly even while we assist at her passion? Does not the moral law which condemns bitter hatred of individuals also refer to nations? Have we not scorned the persecutors of Ireland long enough, and is it not now time to pray for them?

—The sorely afflicted old world must have permitted itself the luxury of another weary groan, when the lathe of time evolved the college alibi artist. He is The Alibi Artist. the youth who flunks out with beautiful singleness of purpose, conscientiously refrains from anything that might bear a suspicious resemblance to study, and then confides to us the fact that "you can't expect to learn nothing anyhow, with the darned profs all down on you." Encourage him by refraining from violence and he will unburden his soul of the sorrowful fact that he should not be expected to learn anything in "this old hole" and has definitely determined to postpone the acquirement of erudition until he goes to a "reg'lar school," Harvard, say, or in a pinch, even Yale. It's useless to point out the fact that he has flunked out three years straight in second year prep. He smiles seraphically and explains that six weeks at Wisconsin summer school will achieve the miracle of substituting gray matter for the area where vacuum grew before. Then he will be ready,—ready to paralyze the world with the weight, scope and magnificence of his achievements. And thus from week to week, failing, flunking and fluking, the flighty flivver slithers onward through the semester. He writes letters home to parents who have probably made many sacrifices to give him this chance, weighted with his woes, inveighing against the bulletin marks, delinquent lists and the scarcity of night pers. Where others who have applied themselves succeed, he rails against professorial favoritism, and with an asinine assurance whereat the gods might weep, cites his own failure as the proof conclusive of the instructor's partiality to others. Sometimes this strange little microcosm takes another tack. "How can he be expected to study when the old man has only shipped him five bones in a week?" He'll show 'em. If they

don't think enough of him to keep 'im in spending money, he'll cut out all classes until it arrives." Dare to hint that the parental exchequer may oftentimes labor under difficulties, and he will brilliantly suggest that pater get out and "rustle it then." And thus the critic who has never accomplished, the dealer in dreams not deeds, rebuffs all opportunities, squanders the present, and converts himself into the most abject of social parasites. There are several such at old N. D. Their letters home must be excellent ads for the institution that strives to do what nature left undone in the trifling matter of intellectual ballast. It must cheer his folks to know that the elusive cash is helping to aggregate a bulletin average of 43. We haven't anything against Harvard or Yale except the fact that they sidestep us on football dates. But that is not serious enough to warrant our wishing that the alibi artist will even matriculate at either school. Perhaps it's a good thing after all, that he will probably die of superannuation before qualifying for a college course. And while the evil created out of his whining alibis will live after him, in strict pursuance of the old Shakespearian apothegm, there will be no good to inter with his bones.

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#### Obituaries.

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##### MR. THOMAS MULRY.

The death of Mr. Thomas M. Mulry (Laetare Medalist '12), which occurred at his home in New York City on Saturday, March 11th, brought deep sorrow to his many friends at the University of Notre Dame. Mr. Mulry was an exemplary Catholic layman who found time amid the press of his various business affairs—for he held the important position of president of the Immigration Savings Bank in New York City—to devote a large portion of his time to alleviating the misfortune and misery of the poor and destitute. In recognition of his interest in the needy he was made president of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections in 1909, an organization which embraces members of every charitable society in the United States; and for many years past he has been the president of the great St. Vincent de Paul Society which is known in every town in America. In 1912, when he received the Laetare Medal, the highest honor conferred on Catholic laymen in America,

Cardinal Farley paid him this signal tribute:

"He has been known to me for forty years and my esteem for himself and his family has grown yearly. No family of the diocese has deserved so well of the Church as his. As a citizen and man of business he stands in the first rank in the esteem of his fellow citizens. His education and intelligence have made him a leader amongst all denominations in charity work. I know, for a fact, that for many years he gave fully as much time to works of charity as to his private business."

In his death the country has lost a noble patriotic citizen, the Church a most devoted and loyal son, and the poor and wayward a kind and sympathetic father.

To his bereaved family, in behalf of the faculty and students of the University, we extend our deepest sympathy, and we promise prayers and masses for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

##### SENATOR BENJAMIN F. SHIVELY.

All at Notre Dame were grieved to hear of the death of Senator Benjamin F. Shively, who died in Washington, D. C., on Tuesday, March 14. Senator Shively was a lifelong friend of the University, having passed the greater part of his life in South Bend where he became intimately acquainted with both professors and students. During the latter years of his life in Washington, D. C., he attended many of the Notre Dame Alumni reunions and had always some words of fond memory and sweet recollection for the old days and the old boys.

His extraordinary ability combined with a sweet, lovable disposition won him a place in the hearts of all with whom he came in contact so that he was sent three times to Congress as Representative and was serving his second term as U. S. Senator at the time of his death. To his sorrowing relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

##### MR. JOHN KROLL.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John Kroll (A. B., '15) who died in St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Indiana, on Thursday, March 9th. Mr. Kroll graduated from the University last June and entered St. Joseph's Novitiate the same month with the intention of becoming a priest of Holy Cross. He was an exemplary novice and was beloved by all who knew him, both students and priests. His rather sudden death brought profound sorrow

to his friends at Notre Dame with whom he has associated for several years past, and he will be remembered in the prayers of the students and faculty of the University. *R. I. P.*

DR. MICHAEL M. BROWN.

The sad news of the death of two Notre Dame alumni was received at the University this week. Doctor Michael Joseph Brown (LL. B., '06; A. M., '08; LL. M., '08) passed away at his home in Philadelphia.

DR. WILLIAM HUTSON WATHEN.

Doctor William Hutson Wathen (LL. D., '95) died at his home in Louisville, Kentucky. May they rest in peace! The sympathy of all at the University goes to the bereaved relatives and friends.

### Book Review.

IN SOUTH AMERICA'S SOUTHLANDS. By J. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. B. D. Appleton & Co., New York, N. Y.

Under the pen name of "H. J. Mozans" Father Zahm recently produced three volumes which attracted extraordinary attention from the leading critical magazines of the world. It was the unanimous opinion of the critics that no more interesting or valuable volumes had been produced for many years in their particular field. Father Zahm had already won international repute as a scientist and a Christian apologist, and it is still very much of a mystery why, after having conquered destiny under his own name he should have desired to make a second great reputation under an assumed name. At any rate, in this volume Father Zahm acknowledges the authorship of the "Mozans" books.

The present volume is the result of a trip made to South America in company with ex-President Roosevelt. It is a work of unique quality. Seldom has it happened that any traveller went so well prepared for observing the fauna and flora of strange countries, or so wonderfully equipped with historical knowledge of the past, such insight into political, commercial and civic conditions in the present. As a result, Father Zahm has produced a book which is brimful of interest. From the first sentence to the last it is scholarly in the highest degree. It is written with a subtle and most patent charm. The fascination grows with the reading, and it is safe to say that this work is by all means the most important ever produced on the subject of South America in the English language.

For old students of Notre Dame the name of Father Zahm is hallowed with affectionate reminiscence. For many years he was vice-president of the University and Professor of Physical Science. Later he was Provincial of the Congregation of Holy Cross. We feel sure that many of his old boys will desire to possess this volume from the pen of one of the most distinguished of contemporary writers.

### Old Students' Hall.

The following new subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Mr. Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

William P. Breen, '77	\$500.00
Cassius McDonald, '04	500.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	500.00
John H. Fendrich, '84	250.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00
Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00

The amounts which follow were reported in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86	\$2000.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00
M. F. Healy, '89	1000.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500.00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00
William A. McInerny, '01	500.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	500.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00
Louis C. M. Reed, '98	200.00
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00	200.00
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02	200.00
G. A. Farabaugh, '04	200.00
Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
E. J. Maurus, '93	100.00
Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
H. G. Hogan, '04	100.00
Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00
James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Rev. Francis J. VanAntwerp, '14	100.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Henry Hess, '82	25.00
James R. Devitt, '13	20.00

Here is a letter that has the right ring. How many others will follow Mr. Kanaley's example?

MR. WARREN A. CARTIER, March 15, 1916.

Ludington, Mich.

DEAR SIR:—

You may put me down on the list of donors for the Old Students' Hall Building Fund for another \$500, making my total contribution \$1000.

Mrs. Kanaley and I have just returned from a few weeks at Pinehurst, North Carolina, and as is often the case when one gets away from home one thinks more tenderly and deeply of old associations and old affections. I had plenty of time while tramping the wonderful pine forests of that part of North Carolina to think of old times and revive old memories—the most pleasant being the memories of "The Golden Dome" and the associations connected therewith. It may be also that the improvement in my golf game has something to do with my contribution, but anyway I wish to increase my donation to \$1000.

I hope to have at least \$1000 worth of fun in the Old Students' Hall the first June commencement after it is completed.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Yours very truly, BYRON V. KANALEY.

### Do You Want a Dome?

The Business Manager of the 1916 DOME and his assistants will canvass the school during the coming week to secure a list of those who wish to obtain copies of this year's DOME. The canvass is being made earlier than usual this year in order that a sufficient number of books may be ordered to supply the demand. A number of students who failed to sign subscription blanks last year were unable to obtain copies of the annual. The order for books cannot be increased after April 1st; hence anyone desiring a copy of this year's book should place his order soon. The management will not order a large number of books and take the risk of being unable to sell them. If you want a book you must order it now.

This year's DOME will be the largest that has ever been published. It will contain many features that will be of interest to both old and new students. The art work, the photographs and the write-ups will make it a valuable souvenir of our school as well as a complete record of the year's events. A large number of proofs have already been received from the engravers, and the Editors are confident that the cuts for this year's book will easily equal those in last year's epoch-making Dome. The price of the DOME is \$2.50 and it can be charged at the Students' Office. Remember that if you want a DOME you must order it now.

### Dome Pictures.

Beginning next Tuesday and continuing through the week, weather permitting, the group pictures for the 1916 DOME will be

taken. No delay in taking these pictures will be permitted, hence it behooves every man to be on hand at the time and place appointed if he expects to have his picture in the book. The DOME board further urges that all endeavor to appear for pictures in white collars, as military shirts and sweaters are going out of style for such occasions.

Following is the list of groups, time and place:

#### TUESDAY MORNING.

9.00 a. m.—Pam Club	Journalism Room
9.00 a. m.—Keeley Club	" "
10.00 a. m.—Pad and Pencil Club	" "
10.50 a. m.—Cooney Club	" "

#### TUESDAY NOON.

12:25 —K. of C.	Steps of Main Building
" " —Freshman Class	" " "
" " —Freshman Law Class	" " "
" " —Sophomore Class	" " "

#### WEDNESDAY NOON.

12:25 —Sorin Hall Group	Sorin Steps
" " —Walsh Hall Group	Walsh Steps
" " —Brownson Hall Group	Main Building Steps

#### FRIDAY NOON.

12:25 —Corby Hall Group	Corby Hall Steps
" " —Day Students	Main Building Steps
" " —St. Joseph Hall	St. Joseph Hall Steps

#### SATURDAY NOON.

12:25 —Monogram Men	Main Building Steps
" " —Carroll Hall Group	Carroll Hall Steps
" " —Holy Cross	Holy Cross Steps

### Notre Dame Club of Detroit.

The first formal dinner of the newly formed Notre Dame Club of Detroit was held in the banquet hall of the Hotel Pontchartrain on Saturday night, March fourth. Forty-five members were present and showed by their enthusiasm that the Detroit Club will be one of the largest and most active Notre Dame clubs in the country. The president and directors of the club declared that at the next luncheon, to be held soon, one hundred active members will sit at table.

The faculty was represented by Father Moloney, Secretary of the University, and Father Foik, Librarian. The president of the club, Henry Wurzer, '96, acted as toastmaster. Between the singing of Notre Dame songs, Father Moloney brought a message to the club from the University. He told of the growth of Notre Dame and of the academic and athletic activities and made a strong

appeal for funds for the erection of Old Students' Hall. The president will appoint a committee of three at the next meeting to make a canvass for subscriptions. Father Foik spoke of the plans for the new library. Other speeches filled with enthusiasm and loyalty were made by F. J. Eicholtz, '79; John G. Ewing, '77; and Professor Charlemagne Koehler, and other members.

### Local News.

—The Keeley Club will banquet Monday night in Carroll refectory.

—Mr. Walter Duncan (Ph. B., '12) was a visitor on the campus last Monday afternoon.

—John A. Keegan of Brownson Hall spoke on "The Birth of a Nation" at the Valparaiso St. Patrick's Day banquet.

—Father O'Donnell, C. S. C., spoke on "Faith and Patriotism" at Fort Wayne, Ind., St. Patrick's Day. He spoke before the Irish of Allen County gathered together under the auspices of the A. O. H.

—On Thursday evening, March 9, Father O'Donnell gave his second talk to the students of Brownson Hall. He answered some questions proposing imaginary difficulties about the frequent reception of Holy Communion. Since the beginning of Lent the number of daily Communicants in all the halls has increased notably.

—Mr. L. O. Armstrong, Special Lecturer of the Bureau of Commercial Economics, Washington, D. C. on Saturday afternoon, March 11th, gave a lecture on the "Canadian Rockies" that was highly interesting and well illustrated with slides. Mr. Armstrong's voice was unusually clear, and he possessed the art of holding his audience, a happy faculty of which not every travel talker can boast.

—It is evident from the size and enthusiasm of the crowds that the University has happened upon a popular form of entertainment in the weekly photo-play exhibitions. Wednesday afternoon's picture, Owen Wister's "The Virginian," featuring the model of virility, Dustin Farnum, was interesting and contained some good photography, but was not up to the standard set by the others that have been shown.

—Another fine screen play was presented in Washington Hall, Saturday night, March

11th, in George Ade's "The County Chairman," produced by Henry Savage and the Famous Players Company. The picture entertainingly depicted the hilarity and strife connected with a rural election, a phase of life with which the Hoosier Aesop is most familiar. The cast included the jovial star, Maclyn Arbuckle, of "nobody loves a fat man fame," Willis P. Sweatnam in a familiar negro character role, and Harold Lockwood. Such diversions as these lighten the penitential burden which the Lenten season imposes, and help to pass the "per-less" nights.

### Safety Valve.

OH CROCK!

The other day Coach Harper had the name of each baseball player printed on his bat, and when batting practice began the Coach sent Doc. Williamson for Tom Spalding's bat. Doc returned with a vacant look on his face and called out, "They're all marked Spalding. I don't know which one you want."

\*\*\*

### NEUTRAL?

The following poetical inspiration we copy from a shoemaker's sign in a nearby town.

Irish brogues for Irish rogues  
Double soled shoes for slippery Scotchmen,  
Red-topped boots for English brutes,  
Patent leather for Yankee dudes,  
And moccasins for Frenchmen.

—All made here by Paddy Donahue.

\*\*\*

### ANXIOUS MOMENTS.

—When the doctor visits you and after a vain endeavor to see your tonsils calls for a spoon.

—When Willie draws an imaginary line down the middle of the bed and dares Eddie to put his toe past it.

—When company comes for dinner and "Dad" to "put up a front" attempts to say the grace from memory.

—When a student who hasn't been to morning prayer asks for night permission.

—When a woman who has told her company that she bakes her own bread sees one of her friends about to bite into the Shultz' Bakery stamp!

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### FAMOUS DILEMMAS.

Between Scylla and Charybdis:

" the Frying pan and the Fire.

" the Devil and the Deep Sea.

" Fr. Farley and Fr. Joseph Burke.

\*\*\*

### THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How inherent to the enclosed core of my pericardium are the scenic mental perceptions of my immature existence, when amicable reminiscences proffer them to surveyance. The pomacious arbor, the lea, the interwoven unfrequented wood, and every amorous retreat of which I was infantly conscious. The elaborately



extending lake, and the mill that was adjacent to it; the bridge, and the mound of solidity where the waterfall precipitously abounded. The abode of my progenitor; the proximate dairy accommodation, and e'en the rugged repository that impended over the cistern.

## CHORUS.

The antiquated, oaken, aqueous, receptacle; the ferruginously circumambient reservoir, the abounding moss basin, that hung o'er the aquatic compartment.

T. C. D.

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Student: (*after purchasing several books in the N. D. Book Store*)—"Don't you give trading stamps in this office?"

Fr. Moloney:—! ! ! ? † ! ! † † ?

Quick Curtain.

\*\*\*

HE. Sweetheart, I'm going off to Mexico  
And though it wellnigh cleaves my heart to go,  
I know my country calls, and what though I  
Should lay me down upon some swamp and die,  
Eating a piece of lead, what though my blood  
Should all flow forth, and with a heavy thud  
My lower jaw should drop upon my chest,  
And still the brave heart beating neath my vest,  
Is it not better that my life were spent  
Than that I here remain and fast all Lent?

SHE. Oh, Reginald, you surely are most brave  
And when you die I'll dig a little grave  
In our back yard, and in it I will lay  
The photograph you forced on me last May.  
And o'er that angel face beaming with mirth  
I'll drop big heavy clods of soft, black earth  
And my big splashy tears will flow as rain  
Or like the water from an ice-box drain.  
And when beside your grave two hours I've tarried  
I'll find another fellow and get married,  
A fellow who is rich and who knows how  
To drive a Ford machine and milk a cow.  
And on some little farm we'll settle down  
And drive our Ford each afternoon to town.  
And often we will see you lying dead  
Out on the plains where all your blood was bled,  
And as each eve we take an appetizer  
We'll talk about what splendid fertilizer  
Your carcass would have made, and oh—

HE. I don't think I will go to Mexico  
Because I fear your little heart would break  
And that your stomach would begin to ache  
Were I not here to bring to you each week  
A box of candy, and to softly tweak  
Your little ears that you so often wash  
With soap and water and a rag, by gosh!!

SHE. Don't let me keep you from this deadly war.

HE. I can't hear country calling any more.

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## AN H— OF A STORY.

"Hungry?" Hollered Husky Harry Humorously,  
"Here's Hamburger Harold's Hash House. Have a  
Hot Hamburger?"

"Huh-Huh," Hooted Handsome Harriet, Hardly  
Hesitating.

Husky Harry Hearing Harriet's Hungry Hyphe-

nated Huh-Huh for a Hamburger, He, Holding Her  
Hand, Hastened Hurriedly and Hastily into Ham-  
burger Harold's Hash Head-quarters. He Hung up  
His Hat on a Hideous Hash-like Hat-rack, Harriet  
Holding Hers on Her Head lest Her Hair should  
Hang in Her Hash.

"Hundred Hamburgers," Hollered Husky Harry  
Hap-Hazardly.

"Hundred Hams," Hissed Hamburger Harold's  
Head Hash Heaver. "Have 'em Hurried."

Half-Hour later, Helpless Hamlet Hamburger,  
Harold's Highest Honored Hamburger Handler,  
Handed Husky Harry and Handsome Harriet a Hun-  
dred Hamburgs. Both Heaved down Homely Home-  
made Hamburgs Honestly and Humble, like Hungry  
Hungarians.

However Harry Had Hardly Heaved down His  
Hams than He Hollered:

"Horrors and Hang-nails. Haven't a Half-penny  
to Hand Harold's Head Hash Handler for these Hun-  
dred Hairless Hamburgs."

"Huh?" Hooped Handsome Harriet, Horror-  
stricken with Horrors and Horrified with Harripilation.

He Hadn't Had such a Horrible and Heterogeneous  
Happening Happen Here in Hamburger Harold's  
Hash House for Hours. His Head Hobbled Hideously;  
He Heaved a Hamburger-scented Heave, fell forward  
and fainted.

Harriet Heard His Hard Head Hit the Hash counter.

"Heaven's," she Hollered Hastening Hither Hawk-  
eyed and Howling. "Haven't Had such a Hard-  
ship since Hector Had His Hibernian Hives. Harriet  
Headed Head-long for the Hash House door to escape.  
Handed Harold a Half-penny for Harry's and Her  
Hundred Hamburgers. Hardly Had she Headed for  
the door than Hamburger Himself (Hound, Hypocrite)  
seized her and Held Her Heartlessly.

"Ha-Ha," He Hissed Harshly, His Heart Heaving  
Heavenly Heaves of Love for Harriet. "Love me and  
the Hamburgers are yours without a Half-penny."

"Help, Help," Hollered Handsome Harriet Heartily,  
Hoping Husky Harry would Hear Her Holler. Had  
He Heard Her? He Had. He Had Heard Her Heavenly  
Hashlike Holler for Help.

Hopping up and Having a Horrid Heavy Hamburger  
in His Hand, He Hurlled it at Hamburger Harold,  
who still Held Handsome Harriet's Hansome Hand.  
Hitting Him Honorably on His Habeas Corpus.  
Hence Harold Heaved a Hollow Hoarse Howl, Hid  
behind the Hash counter, Hors de Combat and died.  
"How I would Have Hated to Have Him Hold your  
Hand a Half-Hour," Harry Honestly Hissed. "Hope  
He Hasn't Hurt you, Honey?"

"Harry, My Husky Hefty Hero," Hollered Harriet.  
"This Happy Happening which Has Happened Has  
made me think you are Heaven protecting me, a  
poor but Honest working girl." She Held Her Hash-  
stained Hand on Her Humping, Heart.

"Harry," she Hooped Heartily, "Have my Heart."

"Have a Heart?" Howled Harry. "Huh-Huh,—  
Honey, Holler the Hour of the Honey-moon."

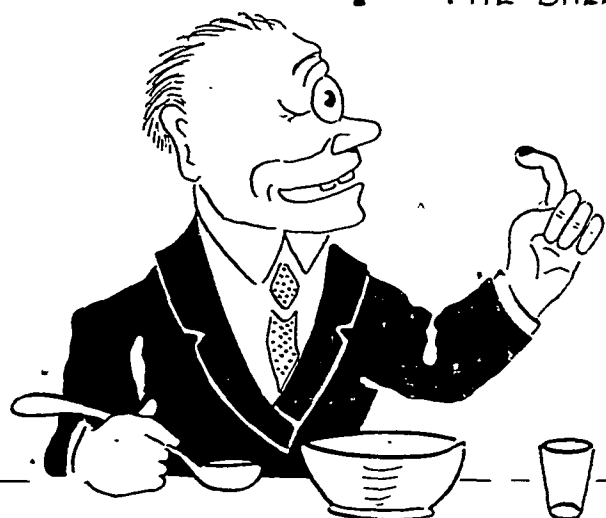
"In a Half-Hour," Hollered Handsome Harriet,  
Harmoniously.

MORAL—Heaven will protect a working girl. B. A.

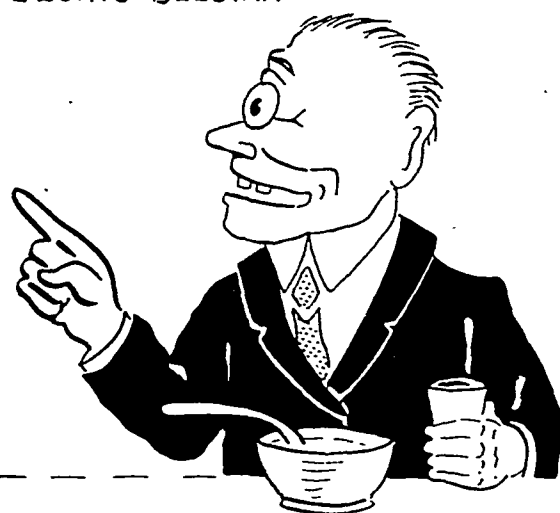
# THE PASSING SHOW

LYRICS BY EUGENE MCBRIDE ★ SCENERY BY RAY HUMPHREYS

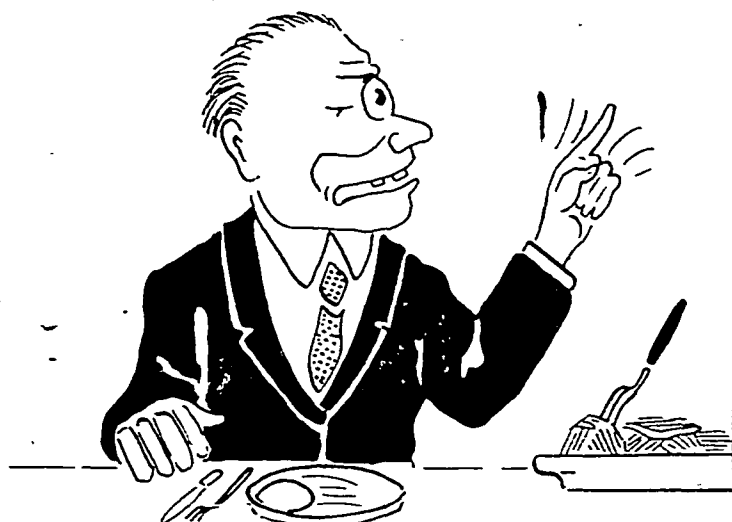
I—"THE BALLAD OF THE BULGING BELGIAN"



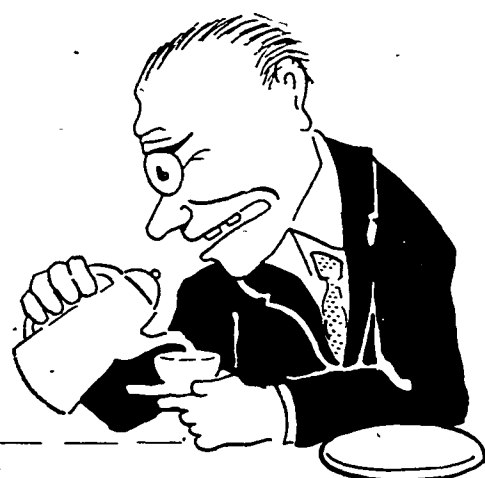
WAITER! GREAT GOBS OF BEEF OR PORK OR STEW!  
I FEEL THAT I COULD EAT A WHALE OR TWO.  
GO OUT AND SEIZE WHATEVER YOU CAN FIND—  
BRING ON THE MEAL—LET SOUP BE UNREFINED!



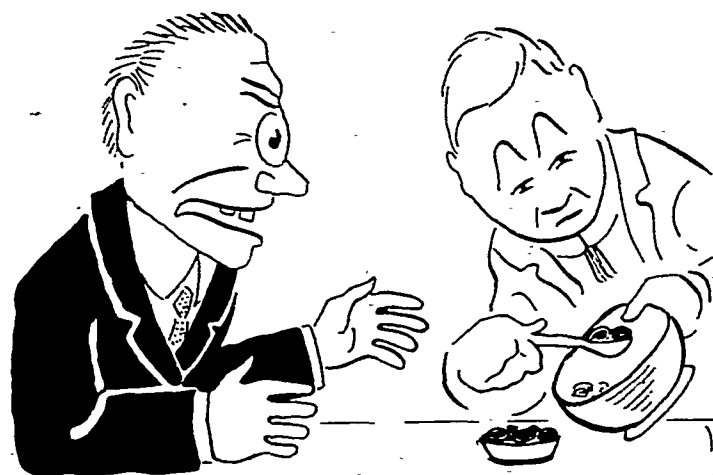
HEY HEAD! EXCUSE MY PLAINTIVE LITTLE SPUTTER  
A FEW OF US WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOME BUTTER  
THE MAN WHO CHURNED IT SURELY MUST BE DEAD  
GEE! SEE THAT PIRATE KILLING ALL THE BREAD



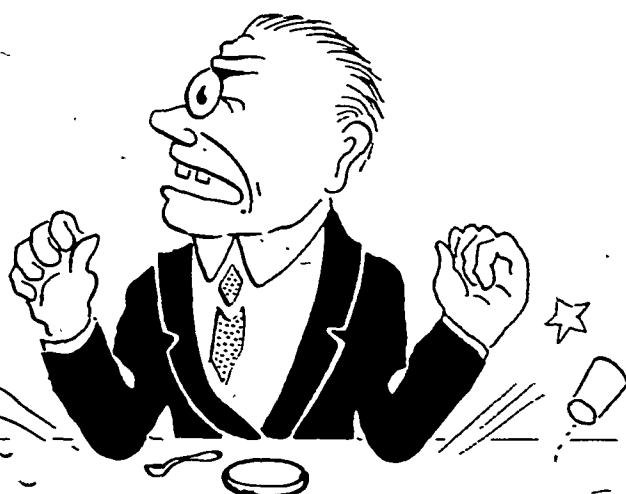
HI! WAITER! GOSH! YOU'VE GROWN AT LEAST AN INCH  
GO ON AND NAME YOUR WARES—I'LL NEVER FLINCH  
WOW! I'LL BET THAT EVEN NOAH CAN'T REMEMBER  
THE DAY WHEN THIS OLD PRAIRIE-COW WAS TENDER



WELL, PASS THE REST; I KNOW THAT I SHALL RUE IT  
BUT STILL MY STOMACH YELPS—I GOTTA DO IT!  
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE END OF THIS WILL BE  
WHY, ALL I'VE HAD IS SEVEN CUPS OF TEA!



DESSERT? SAY! LET ME TELL YOU AFTER JUNE,  
I'LL KILL THE MAN WHO BREATHES THE NAME OF PRUNE  
WELL, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE TAKEN QUITE ENOUGH?  
I'D LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHERE YOU GET THAT STUFF!



NO FOURTHS? WELL DON'T THAT JAR YOUR VERY MARROWS:  
I GUESS THEY THINK THAT WE'RE A BUNCH OF SPARROWS  
I MUST HAVE GRUB IN GOODLY, GOBFUL HEAPS.  
I THINK THAT I'LL GO DOWN TO BROTHER LEEP'S!!